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THE
RAMBLES

OF

MR. F R A N K L Y.

VOL. I.



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THE
RAMBLES
OF
^{Ed.}
MR. FRANKLY.
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T H E



THE

RAMBLES

OF

MR. F R A N K L Y.

HOW quick the transition, my soul, from this world to the next!—Then why are mortals so foolishly anxious about the trifles of life?—What folly, cried I, rising and stirring the fire!—I sat me down again.—The reflection did not make me easier. Is there a greater proof of inconsistency on this globe than myself? Why did I continue the soliloquy?—for I blushed with shame at the truth of my own observation: and taking down a rusty hat from off the peg on which Trueman,

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my

my faithful old servant, had carefully hung it, I observed it appeared with stronger marks of Age than I did. I did not think it would degrade me.—Upon my head I put it, determining to take a ramble and enquire of the countenance of every one I should meet, whether he were happy. “ If I can meet a happy man, I will ask “ of him the valuable receipt, and my “ cares will be ended.”

THE

THE DOOR.

BEFORE I could set my foot over the threshold to put this wise scheme in execution, my wife took hold of my arm, enquiring, with tender anxiety, if I would return to dinner. Forgetting all the beauty with which she was drest when she met me at the altar, and so chearfully vowed to love and obey, I hastily snatch'd my arm from her, and tartly replied, "*Thou fool,*
"I have no time to eat." She meekly withdrew. My heart smote me for my unkindness to the woman who had so sweetly smoothed many a rugged scene of my life. I returned, and found her sitting in a pensive manner,—her head supported by her hand. She was weeping; and looked like the blushing rose-bud laden with the dew of evening. "Julia, I said, forgive thy
 "tyrant—let not another chrystral drop
 "add fresh torment to the bosom already
 "filled with care and discontent.—I am
 "going to seek for that treasure, called

“Happiness, and if I should find it, will
“return with it to thee—therefore dine
“chearfully by thy thyself; and if I be
“not home by supper, go to bed, and
“sleep in peace; for no harm will happen
“unto me.”—I once more left my house,
—and before I could reach Hyde Park,
whither I designed to ramble, every scene
of my past life was called to remembrance.

THE
 HISTORY
 OF
 MR. FRANKLY.

IT matters not who were my parents. My family was genteel.—But I want not to boast a long line of noble ancestors. It ever was my wish to reflect honor on others rather than borrow it from them—Yet am I not a proud man. We all sprang from the same family,—and there is a softness, or rather a sensibility in my nature that makes me related to every human being—be they poor or rich. I was an only son, and from the manner of my being brought up, expected a large fortune at the death of my parents—But I found myself mistaken. Death discovered the delusion. My father had loved the splendid scenes of life too well to leave me any other portion than a good education. Peace to his honoured shade. The decep-

tion gave me no concern—it had often given me pleasure—but had not nature endued me with fortitude, it might have made me miserable. I was brought up to the church, and no sooner found myself a beggar, than I eagerly solicited two curacies, and obtained them. Although I must leave the sweet serenity of the country, for the noise and bustle of the metropolis, with only a trifling pittance to support me, I had a jewel in my possession that taught me resignation—a treasure, whose worth was greater than all the glittering temptation of the mines. Long had I loved the fair Julia Selwyn, the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman. A similarity of taste and manners paired our hearts. She never had any fortune to expect—but her shining merit was a portion beyond all wealth; and as she had never pictured any hopes of happiness from the gaudy prospects which once had danced before me—they fled away without drawing a sigh from her generous bosom. Her father had every virtue lodged within his soul—he had passed the whole of his life, without notice, upon the small stipend of fifty pounds a year,

a year, and a few trifling presents which were annually sent him by his sister, Lady Lovegold, the wife of an opulent citizen. *Humble Merit* has few friends—*Envy* will ever be pointing her envenomed shaft at the most exalted virtues—Mr. Selwyn's fate, therefore, was not singular.—No sooner was I appointed curate to the adjoining parishes of St. *** and St. ***, with a salary of eighty pounds, than I flew to communicate the glad tidings to my Julia.—Our joy was mutual, and only allayed by the thoughts of parting. Yet the news I carried made a little holiday amongst us; and Julia, with the approbation of her good parents, promised to make a visit to her aunt a few weeks after my arrival in London.—I was the happiest of men—Julia, with blushes, consented to become my wife as soon as I could meet with a house that would suit us. My father had left me five hundred pounds, part of which was to be expended in furnishing our habitation, and made up to me again by Mr. Selwyn, who chearfully gave his assent to our union. Matters being thus settled, I determined to set off for

London on the Monday following. Travelling was expensive—I was young and hearty—therefore, after taking leave of every friend, and bestowing a few tears at bidding adieu to my Julia, I departed on foot, attended only by Tray, who had long been a favourite in that habitation which parental tenderness had once made so delightful—I lamented the parent,—and forgot my poverty.

The reflections which filled my mind at this time may be best imagined by the most feeling hearts.—I was, it's true, secure of a maintenance—but I was unacquainted with the world. I had many friends—but I was going to leave them for the society of strangers.—I knew no deceit myself—but the world was filled with it.—I was to have an agreeable companion—but I could not secure her, those indulgences I was sensible she deserved.—My reflections were interrupted by a peasant—one whom I had known from my infancy—He addressed me with that honest simplicity which belonged to his humble station; and enquired how far I was going to

to walk—When I answered, “ To London, my friend,” surprize and compassion took possession of his features—“ Ah, Sir, said “ he, I am sorry to hear this. Why did “ you not apply to me?—I would have “ procured you a horse, and still will do so, “ if you stay a few hours in my cottage. “ Many are the favors I have received “ from you and yours—but, because I was “ poor, I fear you thought I was ungrateful.”—“ Friend, said I, it was chance “ rather than necessity which determined “ me to travel on foot. The expences “ which I shall save by walking shall be “ dedicated to such as thee. I will stay a “ few minutes in thy cottage—May’st thou “ never want a friend.”—I soon reached the good man’s habitation, which stood by the road side—His wife expressed a joy at the sight of me which gave me pleasure,— and hailed me as her benefactor. I once had paid the rent for a man in distress—I enquired not his name—nor till this moment knew it was the honest peasant.—I partook of a simple repast the good people set before me, and giving the children a small token of my regard, I quitted the

cottage with my heart much lighter than it was before I entered it.—If these people, said I, (who have only the labour of their hands to support themselves and six children) are happy, how ungrateful should I be to repine? I, who have such an abundance compared to them.—I arrived in town—waited upon my rector—took possession of my curacies—hired a small house, which I furnished in the plainest but neatest manner—and soon had the satisfaction of having for my guests Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, with their lovely daughter—they were likewise attended by Trueman, an old and faithful servant of my father, for whom I had promised to provide, if he would accept a place in my family. Lady Lovegold had refused to see her niece, since she was going to disgrace her by marrying a poor curate—and begged she might never be humbled by the sight of her again. In a few weeks Julia was given to me by her worthy father, who had no ambition in his soul.—Should any one call him imprudent, let them remember he had ever lived upon a less income than mine.—I was the happiest of men—Our

wishes

wishes were bounded by our possessions—and delighted with the joys of virtue, we sighed not for the pageantry of life—With three children has Providence blessed us—an increasing family, without an increasing income. Infancy has ten thousand charms unknown but to the parent—They entwined themselves about my heart—they were beloved next to their amiable mother—How were they to be brought up?—how educated?—(as the fondness of my soul whispered me they deserved) with the poor pittance I possessed—the reflection soured my temper—Discontent entered my bosom under the mask of parental tenderness—I thought all the world was happier than myself—Many others have thought as I did—perhaps with as little reason. The man who would wish to be happy should learn to submit to the will of Providence.

HYDE

H Y D E P A R K.

THIS is the most likely place to meet a variety of people—and the morning is so fine, that even an invalid might be tempted to walk abroad. Here will I begin my observations.

THE

THE KING AND QUEEN.

SO fine indeed was the morning, that it had tempted the Sovereign of England, with his royal consort, to take an airing.

Grandeur, said I, thou wearest as flowery a robe as Nature—though not quite so easy. At sight of the royal pair, my heart felt a rapture unknown to all but those who love their King and Country as well as I do. The voice of joy expressed by the crowd at seeing their monarch imparted itself to my heart. “Amiable pair, I cried,—may ye be as happy as ye deserve! What an example do ye set your subjects! May the softness, sense, and conjugal tenderness, that are lodged within thy Charlotte’s soul, alleviate all thy sorrows—A crown is too often lined with thorns.”

“ And

“ And may thy royal husband, in re-
“ turn, partake with thee the delights
“ arising from domestic joys—May he
“ sometimes be able to lay aside the cares
“ which attend his state, though he can
“ never be able entirely to shake them off.
“ May every subject endeavour to lighten
“ the burthen Providence has thought fit
“ to lay upon him,—by ever joining with
“ hand and heart to support his rights.
“ Amongst a multitude he may sometimes
“ meet with insults and brutality—May
“ they answer no other purpose than to
“ brighten and display those virtues o'er
“ which they would cast a shade.”

THE

THE WIDOWED WIFE.

HER looks were mild as a summer's evening—her voice as gentle as the voice of love.—But alas! her bosom was not the seat of happiness—her soul was racked by ten thousand fears for her dear husband—She looked upon the careless throng around—a tear stole down her cheek—She took from her arm the image of her loved lord—and, gazing on it, was hurried through the crowd.

What dignity! what beauty! what anguish! what soft simplicity! My bosom for a moment felt her woes.

T H E

THE LOVER.

"O H! Love, thou cursed passion!—
 "O thou source of discontent!" cried
 a decrepid old man of sixty-five, as he
 passed, with a woeful sigh. Time had so
 cheated him that he thought his youth re-
 newed. I could not forbear smiling at the
 object before me.—"Alas! poor, unfortu-
 nate old man, cried I, love must be blind
 indeed—or thou wilt stand but a poor
 chance of succeeding with the idol of
 thy heart."

This is thy fortunate day, whispered
Flattery—for here comes a female whose
 sprightly looks bespeak her to have the
 treasure of which you came in pursuit.

A WOMAN OF THE TOWN.

BEFORE I could get up to her, a gentleman took her by the hand. At his touch, the roses left her cheeks, and gave place to the lilies—but presently they both gave place to that fiend, called, Rage. “Wretch, she exclaimed, are you “not satisfied with bringing me to ruin? “—but must you insult the misery you “have occasioned?”—“You are very fine, “Flora, said he, and seem to be surround- “ed with plenty—therefore why discom- “posed?”—“I wear the trappings of “guilt,” cried the fair upbraider, in re- proachful accents—“You taught me to “wear them—therefore, in pity leave me” —He did so, ironically wishing her a pros- perous day.—(Into how many errors will a pretty face lead a man!)—Her features resumed their sprightliness and serenity;—and another man might be as much mis- taken as I was. I determined to address her—“Your looks bespeak you good and “happy, young lady”—“And your ap- “pearance

"pearance bespeaks you poor and ignorant," retorted she, turning from me with a scornful blush—that blush and her confusion at once betrayed what she wished to conceal.—"Alas, madam, we are all the children of error. I am not poor, or ignorant—nor are you good and virtuous—but why are you more displeased with me than I am with you?—You wear the trappings of guilt—you owned you did—and I heard the confession with sorrow—take, therefore, this guinea—spend the day in innocence—To-morrow, perhaps, Providence may raise you a friend to supply your wants—till want shall be no more."—"What do you expect in return for your present?" said she.—"Your prayers and reformation, answered—I—that our mutual charity may cover a multitude of sins—both yours and mine. I would not stay to receive a thank—it is a tribute too great for misfortune to give or benevolence to receive. What pity that so much beauty and elegance should be destroyed by the designs of guilt—and how thankful ought I to be, that my Julia gave me a daughter, whose mind

promises

promises peace to herself and her parents
—I will carefully watch over her, I cried,
—for should she err as this fair beauty has
done, how sharp would be the thorns she
would plant round my pillow.

T H E

THE MERCHANT.

*H*E is a merchant, for traffick is written upon his forehead—and anxiety hangs upon his brow. He is too anxious about the affairs of the world, to enjoy many of its sweets. The riches of the East are his treasure—and the storms of the ocean, his torment.—His thoughts are constantly employed about getting money—and he is a stranger to all the delights of life. Benevolence and love never animate his bosom.

“ Good God ! that a man should think he
 “ was only made to buy and sell—without
 “ once reflecting on the shortness and un-
 “ certainty of his existence—when, perhaps
 “ a slip—or an accidental fall from the very
 “ ship, which brings his treasures—may
 “ terminate his span of life—and he can
 “ buy and sell no more.” For, strange and
 unaccountable, are sometimes the vagaries
 of that dreadful personage, Death.

I thank

I thank my good father, that he did not confine me to the slavish occupation of a merchant—and for chusing me an employment which gives me an opportunity of enjoying life as prudence and religion should direct.

THE

THE FOOTMAN.

A Footman prevented my meditations from dwelling longer with the merchant—He had in his arms a little dog, which he happened to set down upon the grass just before me—and intreated him to walk;—but the animal being as whimsical as his mistress—and too fat and indolent to do as he was bid, stretched himself on the carpet of nature—“ Kick him, said I,—“ and I warrant you, he’ll run before you.”—“ That’s very true, Sir, replied the man; “ but if I spurn Cæsar I shall lose my place—“ for he’s the darling of my lady’s heart.”—“ Your lady is not married then, I suppose?”—“ Yes, and has been these ten years.” “ Has she any children?”—“ Only seven”—“ And yet that puppy the darling of her heart!—Surely her understanding is not superior to that of her dog.—And are you content to serve such a mistress?”—“ I am perfectly satisfied to serve my superiors, since Providence has thought fit to place me in the situation of a servant—but I am not at all times pleased

" pleased with being forced to wait upon a
 " dog. Yet this place is a great deal better
 " than my former, where my chief employ-
 " ment was to attend a jackanapes, that
 " was continually tormenting me, with one
 " mischievous trick or other—to all which
 " I was obliged to submit—so, come hi-
 " ther, sweet Cæsar,—you are, I must say,
 " a far better master than the jackanapes."—
 He took up the dog—bowed respect-
 fully—and, humming a tune, walked off
 to give Cæsar an airing.

The footman was a much better philo-
 sopher than I.—To be content with our
 situation it is sometimes necessary to com-
 pare it with one that is worse—But to be
 content with a little—and yet owe that
 little to the servile employment of waiting
 upon a dog, and a jackanapes, is great in-
 deed!—Had my wife loved her dog and
 her monkey better than her son, I should
 certainly have sent her to a madhouse.—
 Good God! How foolish must a husband
 look to see himself rivalled by a jacka-
 napes!—But the world is composed of in-
 consistency and madness:—

THE

THE VIRTUOSO.

OR why did that man offer fifteen pounds for a butterfly?—Because its head and body were deformed in the most extraordinary manner. To be pleased with the monsters of nature shews a strange disposition:—And the Virtuoso, I dare say, would be much more pleased with the butterfly, if Nature had placed the tail where the preservation of the insect requires the head to be fixed.

Why then do I repine, said I, that my income is such as will not afford me any thing to spare for trifles?—For, perhaps, had I hundreds more than I wanted, I should spend them as foolishly as the Virtuoso.

I left him to make the best bargain he could—without venturing to tell him—I thought at best it would be a bad one.

THE

THE ENGLISH NABOB.

I Turned my steps down another walk—and had the honour of passing a nobleman just returned from visiting the Nabobs—and, if report says true, rich as one of them.—If riches can give happiness, thought I, this man must be happy. I looked in his face; but saw no sign hung out that could inform me she had fixt her habitation in his bosom. Sickness and fatigue had made large furrows in his forehead. He leaned upon his companion, as if unable to support himself.—“And is “this the price of accumulated wealth?—“That man, said I, think what he will to “the contrary, was far richer before he “left his native country. His may be “called, *Labour in vain*:—Since, if he “would give up all his riches for the health “and vigour he forfeited in the pursuit of “them, Hygeia is too coy, and too disin-“terested a maid to accept the bribe.—“Better to stay at home in a little cottage

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“of

" of one's own, with health and vigour as
 " I have done, than to support the weight
 " of accumulated wealth with so tottering
 " a frame."

" Gracious God ! How inconsistent are
 " the minds of thy creatures ? — That one
 " man should voluntarily forsake his native
 " shore, where thou hast kindly placed him
 " in peace and plenty—to brave all the
 " horrors of the deep—and breathe the
 " unwholesome air of a burning climate—
 " to toil amongst savages for what they
 " value only as they see it valued by us ! —
 " That one man should do all this ! —
 " whilst another shall give fifteen pounds
 " for—a butterfly !

THE LAWYER.

"TAKE a judgment against him, and execute it immediately," said the lawyer. The man he addressed was a christian—The lawyer had only his name to tell he was one. "It will ruin him, if I follow your advice," said the client, who was a man of compassion—"If you consult the interest of another more than you do your own," interrupted the lawyer, "why did you send for me?"—I could hear no more—but I hope the man of compassion did not suffer benevolence to be rooted from the breast where it seemed to bud.

We know that the law is good—if a man use it lawfully—But we should ever deal with others as we would wish others to deal with us.—And would the lawyer like that any man should take a judgment against him and execute it immediately?—No—Judgment belongeth only to one—and although we are all debtors to him, he would readily give us all liberty and happiness for ever.

THE JOCKEY.

I Was now accosted by a person, whom, at first sight, I took to be a rider to some gentleman belonging to the turf—it was the gentleman himself. He had lost his company; and therefore determined, as he did not love to be silent, to enter into conversation with the first he met—I was the man. After the morning's salutation, he eagerly enquired if I was at the last Newmarket meeting—“There was “cursed good sport,” said he—“and the “knowing ones were cleverly taken in by “Lord G—’s Filly.”—“You, amongst the “rest, I presume, came off the loser,” said I—“Yes,—a trifle—I smoaked the design “—therefore only lost a cool five hundred “—not a penny deeper, by G—.” “And “enough too, of all conscience,” exclaimed I. “Five hundred pounds!—What a sum! “—How many comfortable meals would “it have procured the hungry! How “many would it have kept from visiting “that

" that sepulchre of the living, a gaol!—It
 " would have dried the orphans and the
 " widows tears!—In short, it would have
 " enabled a man to do five hundred good
 " actions—All the angels in heaven would
 " have smiled with joy at reading the cata-
 " logue.—Instead of that, it is become the
 " property of one who will give it to the
 " next whose horse runs swifter than his
 " own.—Who would ever have supposed
 " that horses, which were only given to
 " carry our bodies from place to place,
 " should employ the whole attention of
 " our minds."—"What, you are a par-
 " son," cried the noble jockey, with the
 broad stare of astonishment! "If so, pray,
 " reverend Sir, retain what you have been
 " preaching to me against the next Sab-
 " bath-day—it will save you the expence
 " of a sermon."—Another gentleman of
 the turf joined us, and addressed my com-
 panion—"Faith, Charles, I am glad to see
 " you—What—stumbled into company
 " with a parson, ha?—Let us smoke the
 " old prig"—"You had better not meddle
 " with him," returned the other;—"for
 " he has already been preaching as if the

“ devil were in him.”—He took hold of his friend’s arm, and left me to my reflections—it was kindly done.

If happiness can dwell with such as these, thought I, surely every one will keep race horses—and the stables will become assembly rooms for all the great people in the kingdom—they are already the favorite places of half of them. I will, when I go home, look at my old poney, and try if I can prevail upon myself to part with him for a better—He is an old, but a faithful servant,—and often has he carried me through thick and thin. Shall I then dispose of him for one, who, because he is finer made—may be fleeter, and have a better gloss upon his coat, may tempt me to lose my money—and perhaps afterwards, in one of his capering tricks, break my bones?—Forbid it, prudence and gratitude. I will not turn jockey, said I;—nor will I sell my faithful poney for the sake of keeping polite company, though the gentlemen of the turf smoke me for an old prig every time they meet me.—*The race is not always to the swift.*

THE

THE POET.

I Thought he was a poet by his appearance at a distance—" 'Tis pity that
 " the fruitfulness of his imagination and
 " invention cannot furnish him with a
 " better coat. By the length of his face
 " one would suppose he often went without
 " a dinner. 'Tis strange that Genius is
 " ever in a starving condition, and forced
 " to keep Lent half the year.—How many
 " hours amusement have thy soft flowing
 " lines afforded the grave and the gay!—
 " They liked the poetry—but did not
 " trouble themselves about the writer.—
 " Thou hast spent half thy life in endea-
 " vouring to entertain and instruct thy
 " fellow creatures. And what has been
 " thy reward?—Solitude and reproach—
 " a fellow who can fiddle or balance a
 " straw on his nose, shall live caressed in
 " ease and affluence. I wish the beauty
 " and redundancy of thy ideas would buy

“thee the good things of this life—then
“few would have greater plenty.—’Tis
“pity, cried I again, that thy sense and
“labour will hardly afford thee a miserable
“subsistence in a garret—whilst he who
“follows thee has enough for hundreds.”

THE

then
 'Tis
 and
 able
 who
 eds."

THE INDOLENT MAN.

HE is too lazy to employ any of his talents—or trouble himself about morning and evening. Half the universe might be destroyed, and he would not fatigue himself to look at the ruins. War and peace are alike to him—for he eateth—and sleepeth—and careth not who is awake.

The sluggard is a rebel to nature, for not answering the end for which he was created.

HE

C 5

THE

THE WEST INDIAN.

A West Indian!—He seems to forget he has left a land of slaves. He never was in England before—That is an excuse for him. He knows not that the poor of England are as free as he is.—He is not, however, deaf to the cries of distress and his disposition is as noble as his fortune. He struck a poor wretch for standing in his way—but when he found it was to supplicate his pity, he gave him five guineas.—The man is a christian, and charity will guide him to Heaven.

THE

THE ENGLISH ROSCIUS.

IN what various characters has that little man appeared since he walked the stage!—Yet how great—with what taste and propriety has he appeared in each!—What applause has he justly gained!—There is one part he hath particuly acted well—That is—his own. And to have performed that with propriety deserves applause in a higher degree than he, or any other hath ever received it.—He has acquired a large fortune—and he deserves it all—For Garrick was ever the known friend to merit—and many a fair blossom has he drawn from the shades of obscurity.—as a man of taste, worth, and sense, he has obtained the friendship of the world. As an actor he has shone like the sun in its meridian splendor. From his tongue, wit receives redoubled keenness—and the tale of misery sinks deep into the soul.—Grateful must be the thunder of applause, when gained

gained by real merit.—With justice we may say, that in Garrick our Shakespeare still lives and speaks. Time has not dared to touch this favorite son of nature and the world. Still the youthful Hamlet—venerable Lear — and lively Benedict, equally lay claim to our praise and admiration.

T H E

THE LADY OF QUALITY.

WHAT an enchanting form!—What successive vibrations did my heart experience as she passed me!—On her countenance, I thought, appeared the unallied hue of innocence—in her eyes was seated an expressiveness that was irresistibly tracting. I heard her name, and started. Thus, Demerit, beneath a fair outside, said I, often steals praise—but the observing eye of truth will strip hypocrisy of her mask.”

“ That man is deceived by outward shew, is an homely observation—and experience daily proves to us the truth of it. Who, to look on that pretty face, would suppose it belonged to one that had so faulty a heart?—Would any one that beheld that dove-like countenance imagine the owner of it had broken thro’ her marriage vows—given up her honour,
“ and

" and her husband's which was committed
 " to her care? — Would they suppose she
 " was one of those who frequented Mrs.
 " Cornely's, and presided at the head of
 " gaming table?" It was Lady —. " But
 " can rank and title reconcile her to herself
 " in the hour of reflection? — Will they
 " restore her own and her family's honour
 " — or repentance regain her husband's
 " heart? — Perhaps they will not. And she
 " has brought wretchedness upon herself —
 " for Guilt is the same hideous spectre
 " those in affluence as to those in poverty
 " — and the trappings of nobility cannot
 " hide his deformity from those he visits
 " Guilt never wears a mask in the silent
 " serious hour. Conscience will sometimes
 " busily intrude even beneath the roof of
 " the vast Empress of taste, elegance, and
 " pleasure.

They who wander from prudence, wander from happiness. In vain they seek for the jewel they have lost — It is not to be found — even at Cornelys' masquerade, or the harmonic society. —

" But I am a plain, simple man," said I,
 " My sentiments are neither clever or
 uncommon—And were I to tell the lady
 these truths she would not believe me—
 Yet, as self-love makes us careful of
 ourselves, so should benevolence make us
 careful of others."

THE

" Bu

THE SAILORS.

"LET's crown this night with red and
 "white," roared a sailor who was
 fauntering down the walk after her lady-
 ship, unmindful of the pompous throng
 before him—when he met a brother tar,
 whom he shook by the hand, with "What
 "cheer, Jack?—how long ha ye been
 "ashore?"—The man he spoke to appear-
 ed to be happy—but his words soon dis-
 covered his looks to be deceitful. "I am
 "just come ashore, said he, and received
 "only twenty shillings prize money, when
 "I should have had twenty pounds"—
 "Split my topsails," replied his friend—
 "this is the end of all their palavoring.
 "Howsomever, neer mind, my lad—lets
 "go and toss a can of stingo—and may
 "they that cheat us be forced to drink
 "Adam's ale." They walked off.—

"The

“The man who is defrauded of the labour of his hands, cannot be at peace, said I—and what a damp does it throw upon courage and industry, to see the spoils of glory so unequally divided—and they who have had the greatest danger and fatigue in the action, the least of the honour and profit. I thanked the Father of mankind that my table was never served with that which should have been the portion of another.”

THE

THE LIBERTINE

"**P**LEASURE is all my pursuit, Jack," said the libertine to his gay companion—"She is the mistress I adore:—and one of the fairest, kindest nymphs in the universe."

"Poor, infatuated fool, said I:—What thou hast given thy conscience a dose of laudanum; and it never wakes to tell thee of thy folly!" The man had lulled his best friend to sleep—my heart felt for him—his own did not.

THE

THE COURTIER.

Jack,"
y com-
lore:-
nphs in
-What
dose of
to tell
I lulled
felt for
THE

HE throng around him aped the same
servility their idol paid his sovereign
had a bow and a smile for each. In his
intenance such a variety of passions were
ended, that I had not penetration enough
some time to discover which was most
dominant—At length, my imagination
ed upon ambition—as that was the most
ely to rule the mind of a courtier—and
instantly determined me not to enquire of
m for happiness.—“ To be the favorite
of a king, is to be divested of content.
Envy and malice will point their stings
through all the glare of splendor, and the
nonsense of adulation—His prosperity
and pomp depend upon the will of his
master—The multitude are generally
against the idol of a court—and de-
traction is busied in pulling every action
to pieces.—Good heaven, what a task!
Who would undertake to please a whole
“ nation ?

“ nation ?—Unnoticed I began my day
“ and unnoticed let me end them. If heaven
“ will give me a friend, let yon courtier
“ enjoy the buzz of fame whilst he can.
“ And Heaven has given me a friend—
“ what else is my Julia ?—the best, the fin-
“ cerest of friends! In prosperity she pa-
“ takes my joy, and in adversity she neve-
“ forsakes me—with her gentleness she
“ stills the storm of passion—and with her
“ cheerfulness she keeps good humor
“ alive. The courtier is not so rich as I am—
“ Had I the offer of a place, I would ne-
“ accept it: What has a man to do with
“ ambition who has already wasted half
“ his life, and who knows not but the next
“ hour may be his last ?”

THE PRETTY WOMAN.

A Pretty woman tript past me—her step was light and airy—I observed her face—it was Mrs. —— She had the look of unprotected anguish—melancholy was seated on her countenance—“That woman’s soul is white as innocence,” said I, “and spotless as true Honour— yet she is not happy—she suffers every mortification from the follies and vices of her husband.—Poor Mrs. — thou art rich—yet far from being an object of envy—for even Julia, who is only the wife of a poor clergyman, would pity thee—yet is she not so handsome, nor is her complexion so brilliant as thine—but neither the wing of time, or the hand of age can ever make me forget how pretty she looked when I first saw her at the parsonage at W——. She was leading her sick father about a small garden

“ —How

“ —How lovely was the fragrant flow
“ of innocence, supporting its parent tree.
“ —Give me to that fair, gentle maid,
“ whispered my heart—It was so—an angel,
“ made her my wife, within a few years.

THE COUNTRY YOUTH.

"THIS is a foine pleace," said he, as
 " he passed me—" and all the whole
 " world seem to be got together—Would
 " that so many smart folks would walk in
 " my park a Sundays—ha—Maister?—it
 " would be rare fun, i'faith—Nay doant
 " laugh at me—I doant understand your
 " delicate speeches—for I am no scholard."

"The more is thy misfortune," said I,
 "for had thy father given thee a worse
 "estate, and a better education, thou
 "wouldst not have been so often the laugh-
 "ing stock of mankind. The portion I
 "received was small compared to thine—
 "I have no park, or fine houses to fill with
 "company—but I know the language of
 "my native land, and that of two or three
 "others—whilst thou scarce knowest the
 "name of the father who begat thee,—and
 "wouldst be puzzled to spell the christian
 "name of the mother who bore thee, al-
 "though it were only the simple one,
 "Deborah."

THE

THE PHILOSOPHER.

“EVERY step we make in refinement
 “E is an inlet to new disquietudes”—
 It was the speech of a philosopher, as he
 passed me—and who would doubt the
 truth of it?—I did—till I reflected on the
 humble cottager, who, with his narrow
 mind and unassuming heart, beholds nature
 with a more pleasing glee, and tastes her
 blessings with a finer appetite than the man
 who expects to meet only the delicate and
 the virtuous.—I have been a philosopher in
 theory—but never in practice—I have felt
 my own distresses, and those of others—
 and I shall do so to the end of my life.

THE

THE

THE BEGGAR.

“GOD bless your honour—bestow a
 few halfpence on a poor creature
 in distress.”—“If I may credit thy
 words and thy appearance,” said I,
 “thou art in distress—but why dost thou
 not endeavour to satisfy thy hunger by
 the labour of thy hands?—Industry is
 commendable—Idleness brings anguish
 upon itself.”—“I know it does,” re-
 turned the poor wretch,—“but being
 brought up in idleness, with a prospect
 of independence before me, I never
 thought that poverty would be my lot
 —I was heir to a considerable estate,
 which was entailed, and should have de-
 scended to me on the death of an uncle
 —Without consulting him, I married a
 girl whom I loved far better than wealth.
 —She was possessed of every virtue—
 and I thought no one could disapprove
 my choice—she was—but there is no

“describing her—My uncle was displeased
“because I married a beggar, although he
“could have made us both rich.—He for-
“bade me his house—sued a fine—and cut
“me off with a shilling—leaving my estate
“to a stranger.—The cruelty of my rela-
“tions—who all followed the example of
“the rich man—the frowns of poverty,
“and the world, soon carried my Eliza to
“her grave.—Sickness and distraction for
“some time procured me the asylum of an
“hospital—but when health returned I
“was discharged to the fate you see—Had
“Eliza been spared me, I could have
“been content—but since she is gone—
“whilst I beg your charity, I beg most
“earnestly of heaven to release me from a
“world of disquietude.”—I turned from
him to conceal the pity which I almost
blushed at being found guilty of in such
good company.—The poor beggar mistook
the motive—“What, you will not believe
“me,” said he (in a tone that would have
softened a heart ever so flinty) “—and I
“suppose, like an hundred others whom
“I have addressed this morning, you make
“disbelief a pretence for keeping your
“money

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“money in your pocket?—Turn not
 “yourself away from the next you meet
 “in want, and may heaven forgive you
 “for turning yourself from me.”—“You
 “are mistaken, friend,” said I,—“I am not
 “an unmerciful man,—and the man who
 “has always been above fawning cannot
 “insult any one—Take this little piece of
 “gold—I will not refuse to relieve you
 “because you are a stranger—for on that
 “account, I think, you have a greater
 “claim to my pity—Remember, Lazarus
 “was a beggar—but nevertheless the pe-
 “culiar care of Providence.—I want not
 “to enquire whether you deserve my pity
 “—I trust—and I hope you do.—Thou
 “wilt meet thy Eliza one day in heaven,”
 said I;—and I left him whilst his gratitude
 was struggling for words.

The world called mine an imprudent
 match, because my Julia had no other
 fortune than herself—and that was a great
 one.—How much happier was I than the
 poor beggar, that I was enabled to support
 the woman I loved—though not in affluence
 —yet above the distress which Eliza suf-
 fered.

THE ALDERMAN.

THE puffing of an Alderman drew my reflections from the son of famine—
to the son of luxury. “How much that
“man suffers, said I, for his gluttony!—
“why his legs bend under the enormous
“weight of his body!—Alas! that the
“good things of this life should ~~should~~
“lead to evil—would that son of Heliogabulus
“be content with moderate diet, his body
“would be light and airy as mine.”

“Although I am only a poor parson, I
“would not change situations with that
“monster of fat for all the varieties with
“which his table is deckt.—He is endeav-
“ouring to take a little exercise in order
“to encrease his appetite. It would be in
“vain to talk to such a one—therefore he
“must feast—till he himself becomes a
“feast for the worms—Imagination shud-
“ders at the thought—I will pursue it no
“further.”

THE

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

"HOW came that black, sooty fellow
 "to wander in St. James's park?"—
 "How durst he presume to snuff up the
 "same air—with the sovereign of a
 "world?" Pride asked the question—and
 Truth replied,—“Because he has an equal
 “right to it—and although he cannot eat
 “so well as the alderman, he breathes
 “much more comfortably.” “How hap-
 “py,” said I, “is it for poor Sweep that
 “his body is so much less than the Alder-
 “man’s—for had it not, we must have
 “had our chimneys enlarged, or he could
 “not have got his bread.—Poor fellow:—
 “Heaven, in pity to thee, will never let
 “thee grow to the size of him who now
 “walks at thy right hand.”

THE MERCHANT's CLERK.

“ **T**O be shut up continually in
“ a 'compting-house is miserable—
“ and to know I must be so for years is
“ enough to distract one.” Were I a
young man, thought I, I should repine at
being under such confinement — it is giving
up liberty for property.—May the youth
know how to use the valuable blessing when
he has gained it.

THE

THE PHYSICIAN.

THERE goes a man whose character is truly respectful—and whose profession is of general use to the world—Yet the worst enemies to mankind are his best friends.—Fevers—Agues—Gouts—and Swellings—whilst they torment thousands—are patrons to the physician—and the Small-Pox has been the means of lining many an equipage.—I am far from wishing to be a physician," said I,—“unless I could steel my heart against the sufferings of my fellow-creatures—which is a wish no one could desire to form.—The mind of the physician must be continually wounded by the sorrows to which he is a witness; his thoughts must be perpetually employed for the service of others—yet is he not himself excluded from the afflictions incident to our nature—but must at last himself submit to be conquered by that power, whose attacks upon others he has so often repelled.”

G — L P — I.

I Did not wonder at the crowd—I ran into the thickest part of it to get a look at that renowned hero—“ What avail the “ applause of a multitude to a man, who, “ after enduring a variety of hardships, “ was forced to *give up* his country, and “ forsake his brave countrymen ! ”—He felt their wounds in his heart—and the traces of their sorrows could be seen in his animated countenance. For a moment I felt his grief and disappointments :—“ That “ man is a hero,” said I—“ but heroes are “ not always successful.” P — looked as if he *deserved* to be so—that will soften his disappointment.—Kings are proud to be his friends — perhaps he had been a king, had not Heaven thought a crown too heavy for his brows—He ought to be thankful.—The ruling vice of great souls is thirst of fame—yet fame is only pleasant when time has mellowed it into truth—it has done so for P —, yet he does not enjoy it—I am sorry he cannot.

T H E

THE METHODIST.

" I Dislike the whole tribe of them—the
 " lifting up of their hands and eyes is
 " no proof of their religion—the lifting up
 " one sincere heart in the closet, where the
 " Almighty only is present, is far preferable
 " to all such external actions—But hypo-
 " crisy," said I, peevishly, " too often af-
 " sumes the name of religion to steal from
 " our minds a good opinion."—That ge-
 " neral candour and benevolence which our
 religion teaches us to have for all mankind,
 reproached me for not allowing there might
 be good people in every sect.—I owned
 there might—and thought more favourably
 of the Methodist—although I could not
 allow him to be a wise man.

THE QUAKER.

" THAT female Quaker is very pretty
 " —her dress is plain—simple—and
 " becoming—and she is fairer than many
 " of the painted tabernacles that are much
 " finer—yet she looks disappointed — she
 " came in search of her lover—and cannot
 " find him—so her eyes tell by their wan-
 " dering.—Take care, Tabitha—Obadiah
 " may be false—let not thy spirit move
 " thee to reproach him, lest he taketh ad-
 " vantage of thy love, and thou becomest
 " as frail as thou art pretty."

THE

THE MIMICK.

WHO could look at that man with pleasure?—his wit diverts for a moment; but it often wounds for months—he seems himself to be an object of ridicule—He is a cripple—and his face is as ugly as ill nature—Many a one has he sent to their pillow with shame and discontent—and at the same time that he was holding up to publick view their faults,—he was executing justice by exposing—his own.
 “ Turn thy ill-natured wit and buffoonery
 “ into humour,” said I,—“ and I shall be
 “ glad to spend an hour with you in my
 “ study over a bottle of *Port*—I cannot af-
 “ ford to treat with *Champagne*.

THE

THE GAMESTER.

"RUIINED, past redemption—every
 "farthing gone—A curse on the set
 "of wretches who defrauded me!"—A
 volley of execrations followed, too shock-
 ing to be repeated.—"Rather curse thy
 "own folly," said I, "than the men you
 "courted to cheat you—you wanted to
 "win an estate of those who had none to
 "lose—The odds were against you—and
 "you are now as poor and miserable as
 "they—perhaps more so—for to you po-
 "verty wears a hideous aspect—and every
 "want she brings will be felt with re-
 "doubled keenness—because, hadst thou
 "not turned prudence out of doors, po-
 "verty would not have entered in."—I
 never took a pack of cards, except to play
 picquet with my wife—then I was sure not
 to come off a loser—but a man should not
 boast of his own virtues.

THE

THE FINE LADY.

I Can scarcely walk, cried a female, who had two as handsome feet and legs as a man should see, were he favoured with seeing as much of five hundred pair of legs as I did of the lady's—for she held up her petticoat for fear of dirtying it.—She was a fine lady—and, consequently, had not learnt to walk—at the age of twenty.— Had she been born without legs she would have repined—yet, she might as well be without any as not know how to use them—but to see—and walk—is not the fashion—On fashion be the blame—not on the lady—for I dare say, she will walk as well as I do—when it is unfashionable to totter on French heels—not broader than a silver penny.—

THE HUMBUGGER.

"YONDER is a man tumbled down in
 "in a fit."—Humanity and compa-
 sion made me, with two or three others, run
 to give the poor man all the assistance in
 our power—we hastened to the end of the
 park—there was no one in a fit—we were
 made fools by a humbugger—and I was
 once glad that I had been deceived by the
 tale of falsehood—"I have lost nothing,"
 said I, "by being mistaken—but that man
 "by being a liar loses the good opinion of
 "mankind—and were he surrounded with
 "anguish, he must endure the gloom by
 "himself—for few would believe he was
 "in pain till he was just expiring. A per-
 "son accustomed to treat mankind with
 "falsehoods will ever find it a difficult
 "task to convince the world when he does
 "speak the truth.—To enjoy the most
 "laughable jest, I could not persuade my-
 "self to deceive any one—even for a mo-
 "ment."

THE

THE PRETTY FELLOW.

WHAT! is that some young lady
 dreſt in her brother's cloaths by
 way of frolick?—No— that is what the
 world calls a pretty fellow—a jeſſamy
 ſpark—the shadow of a shade—dreſt
 after the manner of the French and
 English.—He ſeems all a feather from
 head to foot. Really, he is a mighty
 pretty fellow—and I will buy my boy
 Charles the image of him at a toy-shop
 before I return;—he'll ſoon ſee what he
 is without his cloaths, and never be dreſt
 as his doll was:—he perfumes the very
 air. Had he the virtues of a civet cat,
 it would ſave him a world of expence—
 but if he does it to hide a natural im-
 perfection, it is excusable."

THE

HE

THE COUNTRY GIRL

" **W**HAT a surprize she is in ! I
 " she could conceal it ; for she
 " be presently pointed at for a country gi-
 " by every gay fellow in the park — and
 " unless she is surrounded with friends, sh-
 " may become a prey to her own simplic-
 " ty.—Why did the father trust his darlin-
 " from his safe and peaceful retreat ?—
 " London is a dangerous soil for beauty—
 " I dare say her little heart flutters with
 " pleasure at viewing the gay scene around
 " —remember, fair maid, all is not gold
 " that glitters—nor will every man who
 " talks to thee tell thee the truth, as
 " would do—but custom is against me—
 " and thou wouldest not believe unwelcom-
 " truths from the tongue of a stranger."

GENTLEMAN JUST RETURNED
FROM HIS TRAVELS.

RAT me if this place isn't dismal beyond all description—The stupid, heavy climate is only fit for its stupid inhabitants!"—The spark has travelled for amusement,—and lost even common sense—He has brought away the follies and vices of every nation; and lost his honour, religion, and humanity—His parents could have done better had they kept him at home.—How unlike the worthy B——d! with all the advantages of a good education and solid judgment, he travelled in the pursuit of knowledge;—and has gleaned, into his own bosom, the virtues of every nation through which he passed—He will be an ornament to his country—to which he is firmly attached.—I wish truth would permit me to say as much for the other—who, am afraid, only rambled from nation to nation—and returned from making the grand tour—with his head as empty as—his pockets.

Mrs.

MRS. M——.

" I Wish I could speak to thee, Kate
 " but thou art too much employed
 " reciting the actions of the illustrious dead
 " to have much time for trifling conversa-
 " tion with the living; hadst thou been a
 " man, I would have courted thy friend-
 " ship—nor shouldst thou have found me
 " unworthy of thine: I admire thy spirit
 " —thy sense, and penetration—thou art
 " an honor to thy sex and nation—and
 " when I grow rich, thy writings shall be
 " seen on the most favorite shelf in my
 " study."—Imagination thus conversed
 with the female patriot, and was pleased
 Such is often the amusement of the mind.

THE

THE ROMISH PRIEST.

WHAT vanity and presumption! that man should suppose he can pardon the sins of others, and yet have the weight of so many on his own head! Why did he not stay in the land of superstition?—I should blush at seeing an Englishman on his knees to you,—more than I should at hearing a long catalogue of transgressions.—It is more excusable to fall down before a crucifix—it might convey to the mind an idea of a great transaction.—But to kneel to such a man as that, is to pay adoration to the representative of folly and inconsistency—for the Romish priest is no better than his neighbours.—May the supplications of mankind be ever and only addressed to that Being who is placed far above all principality and power,—and might,—dominion—and every name that is named, not only in this world, but that which is to come.”

T H E

THE OLD SOLDIER.

"**S**O you were thus maimed in the
vice of your country—and yet ha
"neither asylum or pension?"—"Neithe
—'"Tis hard."—I won't say what I ga
him more than pity—for pity alone wo
not have given him a dinner.—Certain
said I, this man has never been so fortuna
as to be observed by the great—ye
every morning wanders an object wort
of respect and compassion amongst hundre
of them;—but almost every mortal now
days is near-sighted—and who would ta
up a glass to look at so distressful an obje
as a crippled soldier?—one who ventur
his life—(the only treasure he was posses
of)—to guard our properties from the han
of our enemies.—Benevolence, where
thou fled? (and have gratitude and p
followed thy flight?)—that this brave
lowl has not where to lay his head.

THE MISER.

HIS looks likewise bespeak distress—
 but can the man have any claim
 upon our pity who suffers thousands to lie
 bursting in his chest?—Would that his for-
 tune were as narrow as his heart—and that
 the wounded soldier had his wealth; the
 miser would not want what he never used—
 his sordidness keeps every one from being
 his friend.—The noble pleasures of charity
 —friendship—benevolence, and society, he
 never knew; he never had a friend—
 without which the world is as barren as a
 desert—His children wish for the hour that
 will summon him from his mortal stage.—
 He is as ill-natured as he is sordid—and
 lives only to torment them;—(meanness
 and avarice can know no worse evils than
 themselves) he will be put into the earth
 without a tear of regret being shed over
 his grave—a sure proof of his wanting
 those

those virtues which are the honour of man nature. Such a one would give all hopes of heaven, could he be permitted to grovel amidst his gold for ever earth.

T H E

THE SISTERS.

HOW goes my bonnet, sister Gatty?"—“Incomparably;—and you look charmingly, my dear Bab”—“And so do you, I vow and protest—we shall certainly fulfil mama’s hopes, by marrying people of fashion—Don’t you see half the ladies of quality are not so handsome as we are?”—“May the thought humble your vanity,” said I,—“for it must damp your hopes of success.—If beauty were the only bait to draw people of rank into matrimony, you would see more handsome wives.—What consummate vanity!—The daughters of a pinmaker to aim at becoming people of rank!—because their faces were tolerably painted by art and nature.—Mama’s hopes!—forget them—for ye had better have been as plain as two barbers blocks, than encourage such vain ridiculous hopes—Would people bring up their children
 “according

“ according to the situation in which P.
“ vidence has thought proper to pla
“ them, we should not see so many nymphs
“ offering themselves to sale at every pu
“ lick theatre of diversion.—It is the wa
“ of industry makes seduction so frequen
“ —Would mothers teach their daughter
“ to earn and mend their clothes, the
“ would learn pride of themselves in wear
“ ing them.”

TH

THE BLACK.

WHY did I start?—That jetty countenance perhaps never blushed for guilt—and if so, his heart is as fair as his countenance is gloomy.—“A Slave!—The heart shudders at a fellow-creature’s being a slave—exposed to sale in a publick market—beat and intured to hardships—monstrous!—Yet are they often lively and happy as their masters—and even “that man,” said I, “flatters himself with the hopes of revisiting his own country when he dies—many cannot be made sensible of any other change, than that of returning to the country from which he was so disgracefully sold—and the thought affords pleasure.—So natural is our attachment to the place where we spent the early part of our lives—it calls to mind the pleasing days of innocence—But the slave must surely have forgotten his parents, who only regarded him in his days

“ of infancy as a treasure of which they
“ determined to make the most.—Sigh not,
“ then, to return to such inhospitable
“ shores—Would that I could explain to
“ you all the far happier prospect that
“ awaits you—for I doubt not but there
“ will one day be as many Blacks as Whites
“ in Paradise.”

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

"THAT a man of pleasure!" said I:
 "I — "Why his looks bespeak him
 "a man of care—and he walks like a
 "child just out of his leading-strings—yet
 "surely he is one that never would be led
 "—for would an enemy have guided him
 "to such a complication of infirmities?—
 "A man of pleasure!—why he looks as
 "miserable as a religious lunatick—my
 "heart akes to behold him—but vain
 "have been the aking hearts of his friends
 "—and had YOUNG written to reform
 "him, he would have written in vain—
 "and that man who thinks he does not
 "want the advice of his friend, is in the
 "greatest danger of wanting it the most."

THE DUKE OF *****.

" I Know his Grace—and methinks I can
 " read a thousand virtues in his open
 " countenance—Is happiness concealed be-
 " neath that star?—She is surely become
 " vastly proud, to fix her abode with one
 " of such high rank.—He sighs—The
 " wounds of his bleeding country are fixed
 " within his heart—he is not happy—but
 " he has the pleasure of knowing he de-
 " serves to be so—May I carry the same
 " satisfaction with me to my grave—and I
 " will never sigh for a star."

L O R D

L O R D * * * * *

HE addressed his Grace—his character was not so white—but his attendants were more numerous—and pride seemed to have exerted her utmost invention to adorn—or rather to torture him—His hair stood as erect with powder and pomatum as the quills of a porcupine.—

“ What a wonderful parade is made by “ folks in high life,” said I,—“ yet are “ they the most abject slaves to that whimsical, fickle goddess, called Fashion;—“ they eat—drink—dress—and sleep by “ her rules.—Heaven defend us, to what “ a strange, voluntary bondage will some “ people submit!—Far better is this old “ coat and hat with ease—than to be punished by the hand hired to adorn.—“ Neither my body nor table is covered “ with vanity—(nor does monsieur Tupee “ every morning tear up my hair by the “ roots to force its lankness into a curl)

“ and the one dish which *Mary* the cook sets
“ before me is agreeable and wholesome
“ such as Julia and my soul love—whilst
“ neatness and freedom add keenness to
“ the appetite.”

THE

THE REVERIE.

THE park begins to be deserted—'tis now the fashionable hour of dining—but the hour has long been fled since my little family regaled themselves.—I will not return home till the evening; but spend the remaining part of the day in visiting the shops—perhaps I may find a happy mortal amongst the mechanical tribe—(many a noble soul has been clad in an humble garb)—at least I will wander this day in pursuit of that treasure which the wisest of men have been in pursuit of all their lives.—I left the park.—

THE TAYLOR.

"I Love Sue, and Sue loves me"—
I bawled a taylor, who was fitting on a
 board at a little corner shop—"And mayst
 " thou continue to love her to the end of
 " thy days," said I.—Into the shop I stept,
 and desired he would mend me a slit in
 my coat, which I had rent by suddenly
 snatching my arm from the snowy hand of
 my Julia—Impatience has often met with a
 worse misfortune.—The taylor soon finished
 the job—and I paid him—"So, you and
 " Sue love each other, honest friend?"—
 " Sir?" said he.—"Is not your wife's name
 " Sue?" said I again. "No, please you,
 " Sir, her name is *Peg*,—and a greater
 " scold there is not this day in Billingsgate."
 " I wish thou wert in heaven, friend," said
 I,—and hastily left the shop—for I dislike
 the look of a scold,—and should not have
 been pleased to have heard the poor taylor
 alter his tune.

THE

THE PASTRYCOOK.

I Was hungry—and stept into a pastry-cook's shop—the man civilly asked me to sit down—and obligingly enquired what I would please to have—I chose an eel pye—which as I was eating, I could not help admiring the civility of the man to every one that came.—“Thy table,” said I, “is decked with plenty—and thou art ever surrounded with company.”—“Yet I find it a hard matter to live,” cried he, shaking his head—I was sorry for him—for his dejected countenance told me he spake the truth—I paid him double the value for his pye—and wished his industry might be attended with prosperity.

THE LANDLORD.

I Stept over the way to a tavern—we
into a room—called for a pint of wine
—the landlord was so obliging as to favor
me with his company—but our tête-à-tête
was interrupted—

THE

THE BLOOD.

N came a figure which the world calls
 a Blood.—He had a patch over one of
 his eyes—his clothes were torn—and his
 wig awry.—“Well, landlord,” said he,—
 “thy body still continues its usual pre-
 nency, I see—fetch me a bottle of wine,
 “old Suckum—I want something to recruit
 “my spirits.”—The landlord went to do
 as he was ordered—“We had d——d
 “good sport last night, Sir, (speaking to
 “me) we broke the lanthorns of a dozen
 “watchmen—beat three women of the
 “town,—and threw a waiter out of the
 “window, because the dog was imperti-
 “nent.”—“And do you call it sport,
 “young gentleman, to endanger the lives
 “of your fellow-creatures?”—“The finest
 “in-

“ in the world, old Square-toes—Pour out
“ a glass; landlord.—A score of us will
“ meet here to-night—we have more mis-
“ chief in view—and our pockets are well
“ lined.”—“ It would be well for you,”
said I, “ if your head had a better lining,
“ though your pockets were emptied to
“ pay for the purchase of it.”—“ What, do
“ you mean to affront me?—do you know
“ who I am?”—“ No;—for I never saw
“ such a thing before—yet as thy appear-
“ ance has something human in it, charity
“ teaches me to wish thou wert a christian.
“ —Do’st thou think thou wert sent into the
“ world only to murder waiters, and break
“ lanthorns?—It would have been better
“ for thee not to have been born.”—
“ Whitfield, by G—! — Landlord, if
“ you harbour such cattle, you must expect
“ I shall leave your house.—Shew me into
“ another room.”—I was glad he with-
drew—the man was a monster, and he felt
himself the despicable wretch he was—
or why did he fly from a man who only
spoke the truth.—Thus we sometimes
shrink with terror from a harmless insect

—or

—or the lightning's flash—yet nurse in
our bosoms those horrid monsters,—Cru-
elty and Murder.—The landlord came
back for another glass—his wife presently
followed.—

THE

THE LANDLADY.

"M^r. Fatsides," said she, "why
 you sit loitering here, and leave
 me exposed to the insults of the fellows
 —but the vulgarity of your ideas be-
 nishes all delicacy from you."—"What
 is the matter, my dear Alice?"—"You
 dear!—yes, indeed, I ought to be de-
 to you—the matter is, that young spartan
 who came here last has got a miss with
 him,—and I won't have such enormous do-
 ings in my house." "What should I do
 child?—if the young fellow chuses to
 invite a lady into his room, would you
 have me go and bid her leave him?"—
 Your want of *pulliteness* and *ererdition*,
 said she, "is not to be borne—sit and drink
 till you burst that tunbelly of yours."—
 She went out in a passion—we had only a
 pint of wine before us.—The landlord and
 taylor may shake hands, thought I; the
 wife of the one scolds in an ungenteel—the
 other in an uncommon language—but both
 equally

equally torment their husbands—The land-
ord looked dejected—I paid him for the
wine,—and after he had thanked me with
a bow and a scrape—“Nothing,” said
he, “is so great a plague as a bookish sen-
timental wife—my Alice is always read-
ing when she has time—and then talks
like a woman that is mad—about the vi-
vacious ebullitions of fancy—and raves
about virtue, truly, as if every man had
a design to ravish her.”—“Let her not
make thee mad, friend, and all will one
day be well,” said I.—

THE

THE SHOW MAN.

"WALK in and see the lions," cried the man—"the great he-lion from Bengal."—I refused the invitation—The Blood was a ferocious animal—and the landlady, though she hung out the sign of the Angel, was an Hyæna in her heart.—After seeing two monsters, I did not chuse to see any more.

THE

THE MILLINER'S SHOP.

"cried
on from
n—The
nd the
sign o
eart.—
t chus
"T IS a genteel ribbon," said I,—
and I will buy it for my Julia:
—nor is that the only treasure I shall
have purchased in my ramble—for I shall
carry home more wisdom than I brought
out."—I went into the shop—the mistres
it was drest out much finer than any of
er dolls,—and nearly represented that cu
ous one in the possession of Mr. George
Alexander Stevens.—"Cut me five yards
of this ribbon," said I—She sent a pretty
l, who was her apprentice, to serve me.

THE

Sister

THE

THE MILLINER'S PRENTICE

" **T**HOU art handsomer than the ri-
 " bon, child," said I;—" and I thin-
 " that is a beauty, or it should not be boun-
 " round the head of my Julia.—That bla-
 " would excel the rose of spring—be-
 " ashamed—I wish thou wert not placed
 " this shop—flattery is dangerous to you.
 —" Since you wish the girl were not
 " posed to flattery, why do you address
 " to her?" cried her mistress.—" May
 " one," replied I, " flatter her with a wo-
 " design—I am a serious man, and have
 " heart to give her—neither do I wish
 " her's—may her mind be as beauteous
 " her person, and she will outshine yo-
 " patroness, madam Fashion—Fare the
 " well, sweet maid," said I;—thy dawn-
 " beauty promises many revolving ye-
 " ars its lustre fade—mayst thou take pr-
 " dence and virtue for thy guides to direc-
 " " the

thee through the mazy paths of life—and may thy mistress's customers be all the votaries of Honor—then, as the bee gathers honey from every flower, thou wilt gather instruction from every tongue."—She made me a curtesy of humility—and her eyes thanked me more than her courtesy—the drop of gratitude I think I trembled in them.—"Had I been the father of that fair blossom," said I, as I shut the door, "I would rather have sent thee into the highlands of Scotland—or have made her turn the wheel of industry for her subsistence, than trust my rosebud in the fair of Vanity—Many a pair of laced ruffles, bags, and sword-knots, will her pretty face sell for her mistress."

T H E

THE OFFICER.

"DEAR and sacred are the bonds
 " which unite my soul to my Am
 " da's—yet do not unjustly suspect th
 " love has robb'd me of my courage
 " Let the trumpet sound to war, Fran
 " and with you I am ready to rush on o
 " England's foes, and join the bloody
 " vock of contending armies."—"Wer
 " a king," said I, "that man should
 " a general—I could almost become a fa
 " plicant for him at the foot of the thre
 " —His dress bespeaks him only a lie
 " tenant—and unless he has friends
 " power, a lieutenant he may die—Ho
 " must he love his King and Country
 " leave a wife that hangs so much abo
 " his heart?—Could clime, custom,
 " bribery pervert his noble soul?—No
 " he will ever remain untainted by vi
 " —

—he prefers the publick good to private happiness—May success crown him with glory, and love be the reward of his honour.”

THE

THE SHOEMAKER.

"FRIEND, why so gloomy?—Why
 have you but poor business?"—The
 man was sitting at work with a woe-
 countenance—he told me he was in love.
 'Twas a piteous story; for the nymph w
 cruel.—"You must endeavour to forg
 "her, young man."—"I cannot—I see
 "in every shoe I make—there she goes;
 cried he, staring like a madman—"and
 "thinks nothing of her shoemaker's suff
 "ings."—"Try and compose yourself,"
 said I:—"I love to serve any one when
 "is in my power—I will follow her, and
 "make love for you—and if I can soft
 "her heart in your favor, I will return and
 "tell you so—if not—you will see me n
 "more."—

THE CHAMBERMAID.

Soon overtook her—and catching hold of her gown, and looking in her face—told her, that murder was written in her eyes.—“Heaven defend me, what does the man mean?”—“Honest Crispin calls you cruel—and will die if you return not his affection.”—“Then he must die,” said she, laughing:—“for I rather chose to be a footman’s lady than a cobler’s wife—and was married to our William this morning.”—She was a woman that made nice distinctions—she was married so—and I did not chuse to make love to other man’s wife—even as deputy—there were no hopes for my new acquaintance—I don’t love to be the messenger of news, and therefore left it to another to form the shoemaker of the infidelity of s charmer.

THE

THE GARDENER.

" **T**HY employment is pleasant," said
 " —many are the beauties which
 " blossom on thy beds—without fear
 " danger they live in peace;—whilst the
 " careful hand guards them from the
 " spoiler. Thou hast time at thy com-
 " mand—and the balm of Gilead is in thy
 " possession. What a diversity of sweets surround
 " thee and pay thee for thy labour.
 " Pinks—lilies—and carnations are in
 " debt to thy care—and thou nurtest variety
 " for our tables. The spot of ground
 " which thou cultivatest for thy support
 " will likewise afford thee constant enter-
 " tainment. Thou seest Beauty in triumph
 " above the help of art or buzz of flattery.
 " —Thou seest the shortness of its reign,
 " and its mortifying exit—When surround-
 " ed by thy flowers, thou art as much
 " amused as the Sultan of the east—and

as careful of thy charge—thou hast likewise even a greater variety of beauties.—The tulip may be compared to the coquette—it rises, blooms, exposes its beauties to the admiring eye—eager to court the sun, it expands its leaves, and triumphs but for a day—unlike the humble lily of the vale—which blooms beneath the grateful shade, and being rarely seen, is seen to be admired—drest in the white robes of innocence, it strikes the eye and captivates the heart—whilst its neatness and elegance will keep possession of the conquest gained by modesty and beauty.—The fragrance of the rose, violet, jessamine and suckling are not to be equalled by the finest perfumes. The passion flower will afford him instruction, as, by viewing it carefully, he may read a part of that history which cannot be read too often. When his labour is ended, the fruits of his garden give him refreshment, and court his hand to gather them, as they peep through the foliage.—The gardener's employment is a grateful one," said L for whilst every variegated flower, in a

" pleasing variety, mix with the vernal
 " green, and shew luxuriant nature in a
 " her bright profusion, the birds sit paire
 " by mutual love upon the branches, and
 " hail their master's presence with note
 " mellifluous."

THE

THE CHURCH-YARD.

THIS is a solemn place—but I sometimes love to visit the awful receptacles of the dead.—The death bell—that solemn herald—was proclaiming some friend was gone. The funeral appeared—slow-moving with melancholy pace—and the sad procession followed a young lady cut off in all her pride and bloom of beauty. Her grave was by the side of a gentleman, whose monument boasted a long line of ancestors—and on the other side lay the remains of a beggar.—Death is the leveller of all distinctions—for at the foot of the beggar were laid the ashes of a hero—who, like the fair maid just going to be inclosed, found an early grave, and bravely died to save his country.

What avail all our pride—our hatred—our riches?—what all our different pursuits?—Since a few years will lodge us all in one common grave. He who founds

" his hopes on immortality may firmly
 " brave all the storms of this blustering
 " world. Death is the signal of peace—
 " Here the vain look of folly and swell of
 " pride are lowered in the dust—and have
 " at once discovered the little importance
 " of their wearers.—Honor—rank—and
 " beauty—how low are ye laid!—Yet how
 " many carry human vanity beyond the
 " grave!—and are desirous of shewing some
 " consequence even in the vale of death.
 " All I desire," said I, " is, to have a plain
 " grave-stone placed over Julia and myself,
 " to keep the spot from the ruthless spade
 " —and to tell the passing stranger, that
 " beneath that turf were interred a pair
 " who, though they were placed far below
 " all greatness, were above all guilt"—
 left the church-yard.

THE TOYSHOP.

"I Will step into this toyshop," said I,
"I and buy my boy Charles a pretty
fellow."—I did so—and soon made a
purchase of the young gentleman. The
toyshop was an emblem of the world.—

"The world is indeed a larger toyshop
than this," said I, looking round; "but
we daily see its inhabitants employed
after just such trifles as this contains in
miniature.—Here are fine ladies—fine
gentlemen—and pretty fellows—here are
watches—rings—birds and bird-cages
—coaches—horses—and wheel-barrows."
—But the master of the shop was as great
a curiosity as any it contained.

His dress and face denoted him a bachelo^r of about sixty—the former was old-fashioned and dirty; he was formal, ill-natured and shy.—Fashion was such a fickle Goddess, that he would not enlist himself

under her banners, he shunned the fairest part of the creation, and had contracted a surly stiffness.—His countenance was as sour as vinegar.—I was sorry for him.—How cheerful, said I, would a fair companion have made this miniature emblem of the world?—She would have given a thousand charms to the scene—and the little world would have been much more pleasing:—But the man chose to pass through life alone—and to make the road to Heaven dull and dreary!—

THE
-tak a mid betoneb cosi bas qeunib a
-blo awy ractri spes—yixi suods lo rola
-li. Lemiol aw af ; vittis bas hordib
-sray d' d' d' aw noidz i—yit bantib
-Nanid filds 158 blawenb usdi qeobib
-isqebu

THE MAN WHO WAS GOING TO
PRISON.

WHAT a crowd!—I passed through it with difficulty—A poor wretch was going to prison for debt—He lifted up his streaming eyes to heaven, as if supplicating for liberty—my heart felt his anguish.—I enquired how much he owed his merciless creditor—“ Ten pounds, besides “ charges.”—“ Good heaven!—to be de-“ prived of liberty for ten pounds!”—The smallness of the sum gave me delight—I stepped up to him,—and giving him all the money I had in my pocket—bade him purchase his liberty, and never despair, tho’ surrounded with distress.—He would have knelt in the dirt to thank me, but I prevented him.—The man was poor, but honest—He was an husband and a father—he had seen better days.—The mob shouted for joy—and I left him with greater satisfaction in my heart than a nobleman

feels on entering the drawing-room in
birth-night suit.

"Compassion," said I, "has this day
"drawn from my purse more than I could
"afford—But I will wear this old coat and
"hat twelve months longer than I intend-
"ed, and that will almost make things
"even—My coat is old and rusty, 'tis true
"—but—the debtor is free."

The world began to be wrapt in dark-
ness—Night had, unheeded, stolen upon
me, and the busy scene was going to be
buried in oblivion.

— and at — "I saw a good boy" — "I applied
to T—" "I abuq set not yisidil to having
I — digilab em evng mif sif to alcalan
sdli his mid gnivig bafe — gulf or qu ipa
mid abad — iszbaq ym si bad I yonm
maged uavu has. a zedl zif alcalan
blany sh — stafslip ritim bolanuqut ou
I and em zisdi or hub em ni zifid eva
tud: good em apm edT — mid fojuwam
polish a bus bandish on any ski — **T H E**
dust edT — prob mused rock bed so-
to — **I**

THE HACKNEY COACHMAN.

A Coach, Sir?"—"I will," said I—
for thy vehicle is conveniently
offered."—I was tired, and immediately
ept in—but ere the jolting of the coach
ould permit me to jumble five ideas to-
gether, I observed a man who looked as if
he designed to rob me.

THE FOOT PAD.

I Was right—How soon is a bad resolution formed!—He boldly bade me deliver my purse—Courage without prudence is folly and madness.—“There is no purse,” said I,—“but not a sou with it;—nor have I one in my pocket—“thou hast any demands upon me, call “my house in the morning—I will forgive “the manner in which thou hast addressed “me this night—and if thou art in distress “I will relieve thee.”—He muttered a curse and left me.

How wonderful it is that the love of gold can lead a man to be a villain—The youth looked as if the employment was new to him—and as if he did not want to follow it.—If the gilded bait has such power over the mind of youth, the heart, uncankered with the rust of gold at fourscore years must be a gem indeed.

THI

D.

THE DOOR.

HE coach stopt—the maid opened the door—and I borrowed two shillings of her to pay the fare.—“I am glad,” said honest Mary, “to see you arrived so pure hoddy and well;—Madam has fretted and fumed about you all day—and she was so timbersome about your catching cold—or not coming home to-night that it would have done your heart good to have heard her.”—Mary was mistaken.

THE

THE MEETING.

"WHERE is he?" cried myJul
 —“Sure I hear my husband
 “voice.”—I went into my study—and
 ran into each others arms—I caught
 my boys—and their caresses were delight-
 ful.—“Sit down, my dear,” said I, “and
 “compose thyself—Thou art not insen-
 “that I left thee with discontent—I
 “pined that my income was not greater—
 “I had a thousand anxieties on these
 “accounts—and vainly imagined all the
 “world was happier than I.—Pride too
 “possession of my mind—I wanted to
 “thee blest with all the indulgences of life
 “—and to make my boys great men
 “but a less period of time than I propo-
 “to leave thee, in order to shake off my
 “folly and enquire of others for happiness
 “has convinced me of my error—a
 “few, I now believe, have so much real
 “to be content and happy as I have
 “Happ

Happiness, I am now assured, is seated in the mind—and 'tis folly to go in search of her amongst the externals of life."

Several years past in study never shew'd me the dispositions of mankind so much as is sentimental ramble of a few hours—my husband has made me certain that people may conquer the world by virtue and patience caught much easier than Cæsar did by the sword.—Every situation in life has its satisfactions, which too often pass unnoticed—
even the slave on the burning soil of Guinea has his pleasures—for the appetite which labour creates, gives a relish to the coarsest food—and the poor slave, from the little success which even that state affords, enjoys almost an equal satisfaction with a monarch when he enlarges his dominions.—In the most miserable situation this consolation rises;—the knowing we cannot be more wretched, and that we shall soon arrive at a better—Therefore, if the pleasures of life give not that solid satisfaction which we vainly expect, neither do its evils give those pangs we so foolishly dread.—But

when

I have
" Happ

when we suffer discontent to find its way
into our bosoms—every satisfaction we
find a way out—'tis therefore as much
be feared as the wily serpent.—To
above the calls of nature I would not wish
—to be beneath them I should blush.
The minds of many of thy sex, Julia,
I, resemble the uncultivated desert or ba-
ren mountain—whilst thine is like the ga-
den of Eden—abounding with a variety
beautiful sweets—and the artless sim-
plicity of thy dress is far beyond the studie
magnificence and painted gaudiness of the
Great.—Loveliness wants not the borrowe
aid " of ornament, but is, when unadorne
" adorned the most."—I will repine
more—and my careful hand shall guide
my boys through the early labyrinths
life.—As a king, beloved by his people
has little to fear from his enemies, so like
wife, the man of virtue and reason has
little to fear from the frowns of fortune.
Nevertheless, how often does the sovereign
of nations retire to the bed of discontent
—whilst mine is smoothed with love and
peace—And as the counsel of the wife an-

d its w
d are a king's best security—so is reli-
ction w
on a guard against the thorns of life.

s much

—To Like many others, I have expected more
I not w
m the world than it could give;—but
blush,
the future I will pass over the rubs of
Julia, f
s fortune with fortitude and patience—
rt or ba
remembering, that “ true happiness, being
e the g
immortal, can be enjoyed only by im-
variety
mortals.”

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



100
Hannibal's Campaign against Scipio Africanus
in Sicily, & his Victory over him at the River Saguntum
in Spain, in 218 BC. The Roman General Scipio
had been sent to Hispania to subdue the Carthaginian
General Hannibal, who had crossed the Alps with
an army of 40,000 men, and had already
conquered most of Hispania. He had
now advanced into Italy, and had
defeated the Romans at the Battle of Cannae.
The British Museum
7 DE 81